Numb. 165

The TATLER.

By *Iſaac Bickerſtaff* Eſq;

From *Thurſday April* 27. to *Saturday April* 29. 1710.

From my own Apartment, April 28.

IT has always been my Endeavour to diſtinguiſh between Realities and Appearances, and to ſeparate true Merit from the Pretence to it. As it ſhall ever be my Study to make Diſcoveries of this Nature in Human Life, and to ſettle the proper Diſtinctions between the Virtues and Perfections of Mankind, and thoſe falſe Colours and Reſemblances of them that ſhine alike in the Eyes of the Vulgar; ſo I ſhall be more particularly careful to ſearch into the various Merits and Pretences of the learned World. This is the more neceſſary, becauſe there ſeems to be a general Combination among the Pedants to extol one another's Labours, and cry up one another's Parts; while Men of Senſe, either through that Modeſty which is natural to them, or the Scorn they have for ſuch trifling Commendations, enjoy their Stock of Knowledge like a hidden Treaſure with Satisfaction and Silence. Pedantry indeed in Learning is like Hypocriſy in Religion, a Form of Knowledge without the Power of it, that attracts the Eyes of the common People, breaks out in Noiſe and Show, and finds its Reward not from any inward Pleaſure that attends it, but from the Praiſes and Approbations which it receives from Men.

Of this ſhallow Species, there is not a more importunate, empty, and conceited Animal, than that which is generally known by the Name of a Critick. This in the common Acceptation of the Word is one that, without entring into the Senſe and Soul of an Author, has a few general Rules, which like Mechanical Inſtruments he applies to the Works of every Writer; and as they quadrate with them, pronounces the Author perfect or defective. He is Maſter of a certain Set of Words, as Unity, Style, Fire, Flegm, Eaſie, Natural, Turn, Sentiment, and the like, which he varies, compounds, divides, and throws together in every Part of his Diſcourſe, without any Thought or Meaning. The Marks you may know him by are, an elevated Eye, and dogmatical Brow, a poſitive Voice, and a Contempt for every Thing that comes out, whether he has read it or not. He dwells altogether in Generals; he praiſes or diſpraiſes in the Lump; he ſhakes his Head very frequently at the Pedantry of Univerſities, and burſts into Laughter when you mention an Author that is not known at *Will's*. He hath formed his Judgment upon *Homer*, *Horace*, and *Virgil*, not from their own Works, but from thoſe of *Rapin* and *Boſſu*. He knows his own Strength ſo well, that he never dares praiſe any Thing in which he has not a *French* Author for his Voucher.

With theſe extraordinary Talents and Accompliſhments, Sir *Timothy Tittle* puts Men in Vogue, or condemns them to Obſcurity, and ſits as Judge of Life and Death upon every Author that appears in Publick. It is impoſſible to repreſent the Pangs, Agonies, and Convulſions, which Sir *Timothy* expreſſes in every Feature of his Face, and Muſcle of his Body, upon the reading of a bad Poet.

About a Week ago, I was engaged at a Friend's Houſe of mine in an agreeable Converſation with his Wife and Daughters, when in the Height of our Mirth, Sir *Timothy*, who makes Love to my Friend's eldeſt Daughter, came in amongſt us puffing and blowing, as if he had been very much out of Breath. He immediately called for a Chair, and deſired Leave to ſit down, without any further Ceremony. I asked him, Where he had been? Whether he was out of Order? He only reply'd, That he was quite ſpent, and fell a curſing in Soliloquy. I could hear him cry, *A wicked Rogue* - - - - - *An execrable Wretch* - - - - - *Was there ever ſuch a Monſter* - - - The young Ladies upon this began to be affrighted, and asked, Whether any one had hurt him? He anſwered nothing, but ſtill talked to himſelf. *To lay the firſt Scene*, ſays he, *in St.* James's Park, *and the laſt in* Northamptonſhire! Is that all, ſays I? Then I ſuppoſe you have been at the Rehearſal of a Play this Morning. *Been!* ſays he; I have been at *Northampton*, in the *Park*, in a Lady's Bed-Chamber, in a Dining-Room, every where: The Rogue has led me ſuch a Dance - - - - Though I could ſcarce forbear laughing at his Diſcourſe, I told him, I was glad it was no worſe, and that he was only metaphorically weary. In ſhort, Sir, ſays he, the Author has not obſerved a ſingle Unity in his whole Play; the Scene ſhifts in every Dialogue; the Villain has hurried me up and down at ſuch a Rate, that I am tired off my Legs. I could not but obſerve with ſome Pleaſure, that the young Lady whom he made Love to conceived a very juſt Averſion towards him, upon ſeeing him ſo very paſſionate in Trifles. And as ſhe had that natural Senſe which makes her a better Judge than a Thouſand Criticks, ſhe began to rally him upon this

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foolish Humour. For my Part, says she, I never knew a Play take that was written up to your Rules, as you call them. How Madam! says he, is that your Opinion; I am sure you have a better Taste. It is a pretty kind of Magick, says she, the Poets have, to transport an Audience from Place to Place without the Help of a Coach and Horses. I could travel round the World at such a Rate. 'Tis such an Entertainment as an Enchantress finds when she fancies her self in a Wood, or upon a Mountain, at a Feast or a Solemnity; though at the same Time she has never stirred out of her Cottage. Your Simile, Madam, says Sir *Timothy*, is by no Means just. Pray, says she, let my Similes pass without a Criticism. I must confess, continued she, (for I found she was resolved to exasperate him) I laughed very heartily at the last new Comedy which you found so much Fault with. But Madam, says he, you ought not to have laughed; and I defy any one to show me a single Rule that you could laugh by. Ought not to laugh! says she: Pray who should hinder me. Madam, says he, There are such People in the World as *Rapin*, *Dacier*, and several others, that ought to have spoiled your Mirth. I have heard, says the young Lady, that your great Criticks are always very bad Poets. I fancy there is as much Difference between the Works of one and the other, as there is between the Carriage of a Dancing-Master and a Gentleman. I must confess, continued she, I would not be troubled with so fine a Judgment as yours is; for I find you feel more Vexation in a bad Comedy than I do in a deep Tragedy. Madam, says Sir *Timothy*, That is not my Fault, they should learn the Art of Writing. For my Part, says the young Lady, I should think the greatest Art in your Writers of Comedies is to please. To please! says Sir *Timothy*, and immediately fell a laughing. Truly, says she, that is my Opinion. Upon this he composed his Countenance, looked upon his Watch, and took his Leave.

I hear that Sir *Timothy* has not been at my Friend's House since this notable Conference, to the great Satisfaction of the young Lady, who by this Means has got rid of a very impertinent Fop.

I must confess, I could not but observe, with a great deal of Surprize, how this Gentleman, by his ill Nature, Folly, and Affectation, hath made himself capable of suffering so many imaginary Pains, and looking with such a senseless Severity upon the common Diversions of Life.

Errata *in the last*: Col. 2. Line 7. *instead of* Phrases, *read* Praises.

Advertisements.

THE Sale of Looking-Glasses, at the Engine Looking-Glass Warehouse in Beauford-Buildings in the Strand, which was put off to the latter End of April, is now fixed for Tuesday the 9th of May next without fail; where Attendance will be daily given, and Catalogues delivered out every Day till the Day of Sale, the Trade being left off, and the House to be let, and no more of the Engine-Work to be had after this Sale. Note: Most of the Glasses that were unfitted by reason of the Time of the first Sale being prolonged, are now fitted up in curious Frames of several Sorts. This will be the finest Shew of great Glass, Tea-Tables, China-Ware, Fans, Indian Screens, and several other Rarities, that was ever shewn in England. They may be viewed every Day till the Time of Sale.

TO satisfy Gentlemen and Ladies who it is that would impose, in Relation to those Men and Women's Gowns to be sold at the Olive-Tree and Still at Charing-Cross, advertis'd against in the Post-Man, with Invitation to Ludgate-Hill; If they please to enquire at any Shop on the said Hill, they may be satisfy'd that there is not a Quarter of the Choice, as there is in the Room at Charing-Cross; nor can they afford so good Pennyworths, because upon Examination, these will be truly found to be the Goods of Persons that failed.

AT the Desire of several Ladies of Quality, and for the Entertainment of the Emperor of the Mohocks, and the 3 Indian Kings (being the last Time of their Appearance in Publick) on Monday next, the 1st of May, for the Benefit of Mrs. Hemmings, at the Great Room in York-Buildings, will be performed a Consort of Vocal and Instrumental Musick, by the best Masters. Wherein Mrs. Hemmings and others will sing in English and Italian several new Cantata's, Songs, and other Pieces of Musick. She also accompanies to her own Voice on the Harpsicord, being the first Time of her Appearance in Publick. To begin at Eight in the Evening. Tickets to be had at 5 s. each, at Mr. Hemmings's in Playhouse-Court in Drury-lane, St. James's Coffee-house in St. James's-street, Spread Eagle Chocolate-house in Bridges-street, Covent-Garden, Squire's Coffee-house in Fuller's-Rents, Nando's Coffee-house at Temple-Bar, and in York-Buildings.

†‡† There is just publish'd, A Discourse made by the Lord Bishop of Rochester to the Clergy of his Diocese, at his Visitation in the Year 1695. Publish'd at their Request. In the Savoy: Printed by John Nutt, and sold by J. Morphew near Stationers-hall.

A Small Parcel of excellent Pictures, lately brought from beyond Sea, of Nicholas and Gaspar Poussin, Luca Jordano, Clauds Lorain, Francesco Bolognese, Francesco Mola, Brouwer, Teniers, Wouwerman, Berchem, and other celebrated Masters, will be sold by Auction on Monday the 8th of May next, at the Two Flower-Pots, the House next beyond the Stables, in Somerset-House Yard; where Catalogues may be had, and the Pictures viewed 3 Days before the Sale.

NOtice is hereby given, That all the Plate belonging to the late Baron Schutz, Envoy of Hanover, will be sold this Morning, beginning exactly at 10 of the Clock.

*** This Day (at Exeter-Change in the Strand) begins the Sale of the remaining Part of Sir Cyrill Wich's Library, the Price of each Book being mark'd in the Catalogue; to continue daily till all are sold. At which Place are to be had, Bishop Beveridge's Defence of the Old Singing Psalms; with Critical Observations on the late New Version. Likewise the said Bishop's English Works, in 13 Vol. Price 2 l. 17 s. 6 d. And ready Money for any Library or Parcel of Books.

*** There is just publish'd, A Letter to Mr. Benj. Robinson, occasioned by his Review of the Case of Liturgies, and their Imposition. By Tho. Bennet, M. A. Rector of St. James's in Colchester. Printed for J. Knapton at the Crown in St. Paul's Church-yard, and sold by Edm. Jeffery, Bookseller in Cambridge: Where may be had Mr. Bennet's Paraphrase on the Common-Prayer, and all his other Books.

*** The Peerage of England, or an Historical and Genealogical Account of the present Nobility. Containing, the Descent, Original, Creations, and most remarkable Actions of them, and their respective Ancestors. Also the chief Titles of Honour and Preferment they now enjoy: With their Marriages and Issue, continued down to the Year 1709. and the Paternal Coats of Arms of each Family in Blazon. Collected as well from our best Historians, publick Records, and other sufficient Authorities, as from the personal Informations of most of the Nobility. To which is prefix'd, An Introduction of the present Royal Family of Great Britain, traced thro' its several Branches down to this Time, and terminating with the Protestant Succession as settled by Act of Parliament. Printed for Abel Roper and Arthur Collins, at the Black Boy in Fleet-street. Price 6 s. N. B. There's a small Number printed on a large fine Paper. Price bound 10 s.

A Large Strongwater-Shop to be lett, fitting for a Distiller, with all Sorts of Strong-waters to be sold, with the Casks standing, and all other Materials useful for the said Trade. It is a Shop of a very good Trade, and of an easy Rent. The Man is lately dead that kept it. Enquire at the Shop the second Door beyond the Green Trees in Piccadilly, near Bond-street in St. James's.

WHereas for some Years past, and at this Time also, a very malicious Report is industriously spread, That Mrs. Bell in the College-Green in Worcester is leaving her School: She desires all who either have or may hear the same, to believe the Report false and groundless, she never having other Thoughts but of continuing to keep it at her constant Rate of 13 l. a Year.

☞ The famous Chymical Quintessence of Bohee-Tea and Chocolate together, the first of that kind ever made; in which are essentially inherent the true Vertues of both Tea and Nut, insomuch that a few Drops of it gives more Nourishment than 20 Dishes of either, and is therefore the highest Restorative in Decays of Nature, Consumptive Habits, inward Weakness, Waitings and Coughs, Asthma's, Poorness of Blood, &c. invigorating and strengthening Nature beyond all Food or Physick. Sold for 5 s. the Bottle, at Mr. Lawrence's Toyshop, at the Griffin, the Corner of Bucklersbury, Poultry.

THE finest Imperial Tea 18 s. Bohee, 12 s. 16 s. 20 s. and 24 s. All Sorts of Green, the lowest 12 s. Chocolate all Nut, 2 s. 6 d. and 3 s. With Sugar, 1 s. 8 d. and 2 s. Turkey Coffee, 6 s. Right Brazil Snuff, 40 s. Portugal, 17 s. and all Sorts of Spanish Snuff, sold by Wholesale or Retale, the lowest 4 s. a Pound, by R. Tate at the Star in Bedford-Court near Bedford-street, Covent-Garden.